

"My young friend," the old gentleman answered, "I am sorry that I must tell you I cannot take you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars, you will not care to work as an apprentice; and if you have no money your desire for cigars may lead you to steal it. No young man that smokes, finds a place in my business."

## Sisters' Society C. E.

MAPLEVILLE, MD.

*Dear Sisters of the Endeavor:*—Let me once more take up my pen to talk to you of my visit to California. On Thursday morning we decided to make another visit to the Cliff House. So once again we stood and looked on old Ocean's smiling face. Once again we watched the seals playing upon the rocks. Once again we watched the waves roll in and break upon the shore. And like Tennyson we said:

"Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea,  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me."

After enjoying the scene to our heart's content, we visited next the famous Sutro Baths, said to be, I believe the finest in the United States. The interior of the building is magnificently constructed, and finely furnished,—resting chairs, tables of books and papers, beautiful potted plants, while in one department is a regular museum, with a large and fine variety of specimens of all description. And the baths themselves,—well you must take a plunge before you will realize how delicious they are. We tried them, and found them delightful. Wonderfully refreshed and invigorated, we next visited Golden Gate Park once more.

After strolling through its grounds, and admiring its beautiful flowers and trees, we returned home to spend our last night in California, or rather our last night in San Francisco. Where shall we spend Friday was the next question. We unanimously agreed that the forenoon should be spent in an excursion on the Bay in the steamer "Ukiah." Early in the morning we were ready for the day's pleasures. It was a beautiful morning. The sun was bright, the air soft and cool. All hearts were joyous and glad. There were no premonition or presentiment of coming horror. As we rode down the street toward the ferry, watching the hurry and bustle, suddenly there was a jar of our car, and a woman exclaimed "Oh my God." The motion of the car was reversed, and we ran back a few feet. The men jumped off, and lifted from the track a man who in attempting to cross the street was struck by the car. The face was purple, the forehead cut, and stained

with blood, and there were no signs of life. The car was soon on its way again as though nothing unusual had occurred, but our hearts were saddened, and were full of questions. Very suddenly had grim and ghastly messenger come to him. Was he ready? Was he watching? Was the house set in order? Was death to him only laying down the cross to take up the crown? He was some mother's boy. Long years before, some mother had pillowed his infant head upon her bosom, and pressed kisses of love upon baby lips. Was that mother living still? Was there a wife to suffer the heart breakings of bereavement, when that lifeless form should be brought home? Were there children to weep over father's dead body? And so our pleasure for the day was marred; yet we could not but enjoy the ride as our boat plowed through the waters. We went all around the Bay and through the Golden Gates just to touch the Ocean water for a few minutes. We returned to the ferry about noon, and spent the rest of the day visiting with the lady who had given us a home during our stay in the city, and preparing for our homeward trip across the continent.

Desiring to see more of California and the far west than we had yet seen, we decided to come home by Portland, Oregon, making the journey seven hundred and fifty miles further. On Friday evening, we were once more at the ferry. Only a week before we had landed there, glad to reach San Francisco at last. Now we were just as glad to turn our faces homeward, and anticipate the joy of seeing loved ones again. Saturday morning found us traveling northward among mountainous scenery magnificent beyond description. No words can picture the beauties of the California mountains. Toward noon they told us we would soon have a view of Mt. Shasta. We were almost afraid to begin our dinners, lest we miss the sight, never dreaming that for hours, that snow crowned peak would be almost constantly in full view. Sometimes we seemed so near that we felt sure a ten minutes walk ought to take us to its foot, but we were told that our nearest approach to the mountains was seventeen miles. What a beautiful sight it was, looking like a great heap of snow piled up artistically in the midst of summer's living green. Hour after hour we watched the mountain with almost childish delight, and our enjoyment of the immediate scenery through which we were passing was hardly less great. We were climbing the mountains, higher and higher, by a tortuous route. At one time as we were going northward we noticed a road running parallel with ours, only a few rods away, but elevated quite a little above ours. Soon we wound round a curve, turning our course southward. The

scenery seemed familiar, and looking down to the right of us, we saw the road over which we had passed only a little while before. Higher and higher we climbed, winding round curve after curve, through tunnel after tunnel, over trestle after trestle, until looking down we could see what seemed to be four or five railroads running almost parallel, but which were all only parts of the road over which we had climbed to the mountains' summit. And now we were ready to descend the opposite slope. Just below us a little way we saw the mouth of a tunnel, and soon we had turned another curve and shot into the darkness of midnight in the very tunnel we had viewed from the mountain top. Soon afterward the day was gone. Sunday morning, Shasta had disappeared from view, but three other snow covered peaks were in view, one of them Mt. Ranier, if possible, surpassing Shasta in grandeur and beauty.

We reached Portland, Oregon at noon, and about one o'clock, we boarded the Northern Pacific train and turned our faces eastward, or rather, notheastward through Tacoma to Spokane, Washington, then across to Idaho into Montana, passing through every variety of scenery. On Tuesday afternoon, we were destined to view again a scene of horror. Our train suddenly slacked up, came to a stand still for a moment, reversed her motion and ran back. Very soon the announcement was made "A man jumped off the cars," and soon we saw the man standing at the foot of the embankment, wildly gesticulating, and calling as if for help. Some men quickly went to him, helped him up the embankment, and into the baggage car. As they led him past our car, we saw an ugly wound in the forehead from which the blood was streaming. We soon learned that the man had suddenly become insane. The conductor had traveled a part of the afternoon in the car with him, trying every means to quiet and pacify him, but in the conductor's absence, he suddenly exclaimed "My ticket is wrong and I'm going to get off." A gentleman quickly followed but reached the platform just in time to see him jump off, and fall down the embankment. When the men reached him they found not only the gash in the forehead, but a self inflicted ghastly wound at the throat and over the heart. There was a physician on the train and all was done for the poor unfortunate man that could be done. At Missoula, Montana he was taken off the train, and next day's paper stated that he was yet living.

Tuesday night we passed through the "bad lands" of Dakota, and next morning when we saw the cinders on our pillows, and tried to comb them from our hair, we concluded they were "bad